

A N

EPISTLE

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

PHILIP,

EARL OF

CHESTERFIELD.

To which are added,

LAWSON'S
OBSERQUIES:

A N

ECLOGUE.

By WILLIAM DUNKIN, D.D.

DUBLIN:

Printed by GEORGE FAULKNER, in *Essex-street*.

M. DCC. LIX.

Printed by George J. Parker, at the Essex-Press.

DAVID L. M.

W. M. L. H. D. D.

ECOLOGUE

VA

OBSTONIES

T. N. O. M. S.



CERTIFICATE

of

PHOTODUPLICATION

RIGHTS INONORABLE

TO THE

LIBRARY

AND

A N

EPISTLE

To the Rt. Honourable

P H I L I P

Earl of Chesterfield.

MY LORD,

YOUR fast Friend, trusty Correspondent, and faithful Ally, the Prince of Printers, Archibibliopolist, Intelligencer General, and General Advertiser of the Kingdom of *Ireland*, having lately discovered, that I had not for many Months addressed your Lordship by Letter, or otherwise, with a very grave Face and composed Countenance, but a Fervour and Tartness of Stile, unwonted to flow from the dispassionate Tongue of his most *Serene Highness*, called me roundly to Task, and expressed his August Indignation and Royal Repentment. What, said He, was it for this, that *We* brought
thy

A 2

thy Labours from the Darkneſs of thy Cloſet into the Light of *our* Shop, and clothed thy naked, and neglected Name with legible Reſpect, and titular Dignity? What Apartment from the Baſe to the Summit of our *Palladian* Palace hath not been open for thy Reception, and furniſhed for thy Reſidence? When was *our* oval Table unſpread for thy Repaſt? And when was our big-bellied Bottle with-held from thy Lips? Haſt thou not ſat down in *our* Prefence, even on our right Hand, while Poets have ſtood in Waiting? And have *We* not in familiar-ſiſe converſed with thee, while *We* have only nodded unto Critics?

Thou haſt been both an Ear and an Eye-Witneſs of that perfect Union and Harmony, that reciprocal Reſpect and Confidence, which ever ſubſiſted between Us and his Excellency, during the Courſe of his Adminiſtration and Government here. *We* concerted *our* Meaſures, planned *our* Schemes, calculated *our* Projects, and co-operated for the Reformation, Improvement and Enrichment of this poor, miſerable, and infatuated Nation.

WAS He ſtrenuous and active in ſupporting the Rights and Freedom of the *Subject*? And

were

were *we* not as vigilant, and indefatigable in asserting the Liberties and Properties of the *Press*?

WE have ever looked on Parliaments with profound Veneration, and He, however tenacious of the Regal Prerogative, would by no Means infringe on their Privileges. He revered their unanimous and steady Proceedings, and seconded their wise and salutary Resolutions. Their loyal, and national Addresses were always grateful to his Ears. Nor were they deaf to *our* candid and cordial Remonstrances. In a Word, *our* and *their* Journals were the just and equal Objects of his Attention and Admiration,

HE was an avowed and irreconcilable Enemy to Venality, Jobbs, and Corruption, which must unhinge *our* Government, crush *our* State, and subvert *our* Constitution. And were *we* not as loud and ardent in exclaiming against projecting Pent-Houses, Cobblers Bulks, and Street invading Cellars, rotten Walls, ruinous Roofs, and other notorious Nuisances, which disgrace *our* Police, and may probably terminate in the Confusion, Mutilation and downright Destruction of *our* worthy Fellow-Citizens?

No Temptation could seduce his *Excellency* from the Paths of Honour and Virtue, nothing, but Merit, could bribe his Favour; nor can *we*

be taxed with any Prostitution, save that of pure, neat, and fair Bodies of Divinity, Politics, and Poetry. To be brief, the το Καλον, and the το περρον, which shone through all his Words and Actions, are, as we may say, the distinguishing Characteristics of our manifold Editions, and, if to the *beautiful* and *excellent* we superadd the το Κεφαλαιον or *lucrative*, it may, with Submission to his *Excellency*, be considered not an improper Appendix, without which would follow the woful *Finis* indeed, an End of all Book-sellers, Books, and Book-makers.

NOTWITHSTANDING his *Excellency's* great Candour, Condescension and Affability, yet had he, what you may stile his *Arcana Regni*, Mysteries of Government, which are not absurdly Typified under that oracular Mantle of Dignity and Ambiguity, spread over the Letter, and Spirit of our Politics, which to vulgar Eyes appear an indigested Groupe of misshapen Monsters, but to Persons, admitted into the Secret, present most regular, and beautiful Systems, reflected on the Walls of our *Camera Obscura*.

It is universally granted, that his *Excellency*, like the middle Term of a Syllogism, had a wonderful Knack of uniting Extremes, and reconciling Antipathies, that, during the late unnatural

natural Rebellion, he cemented *Protestants* of all Denominations, and untaught *Papists* their Political Creeds, without shutting up their Mass-houses, or persecuting their Priests, insomuch, that there was no leading into Captivity, no murthering in our Streets: Nay, that he made the Trumpeters of Sedition Embassadors of Peace, and the Tools of Parties Instruments of Patriotism: And were *we* dead, or dormant on that critical Occasion? Did not *our* labouring Prefs groan with Liberty, and *our* pregnant Types teem with Loyalty? Were not *our* Hawking Heralds, whom you would stile, *crying Evils*, the Messengers of good Tidings, and our very *Devils* the Ministers of good Works?

THE wisest Laws without Promulgation are of no Force or Effect, and the best Principles, if not propagated, are as hidden Treasures. Wherefore *we* stood up, and shone forth: *We* were not only the Reservoir, but also the Conduit of sound Precepts and wholesome Admonitions. As the Heart receives the Blood from the Veins, and returns it by various Arteries to the several Members, by which Means it sustains the Body natural: In like Manner did *we* support the Body Politic, by receiving a Multitude of zealous and animated Addresses, and Exhortations from the Hands of Prelates, and Heads of Corporations, which

which *we* maturely diffused through the sundry Quarters of this Kingdom, not to mention the many well affected Paragraphs, composed by *ourself*, which together with his *Excellency's* admirable Speeches might, and should stand impressed on Royal and Pro Patria Paper, as indelible Monuments of *our* truly constitutional Spirit.

Thus have *we* mutually served our King and Country; for although *England*, in the contracted Sense of the Word, may be termed his native Soil, yet should *we* deem *Ireland* his also; since he hath made it such by his Benefits: And perhaps future Annals may tell, not only how much old *Ireland*, but also *Great-Britain* hath been indebted to little GEORGE FAULKNER.

WHILE his *Excellency* resided Ambassador in *Holland*, He was beloved to such a Degree by the *Dutch*, that they looked upon him as a real *Batavian*, in Spite of his Wit: And should *we* migrate thither, we should become another *Elzevir*, if not *Hogan Mogan*; nor doubt *we*, but there would be as great Dissention among the Seven United Provinces for the Honour of *our* Nativity hereafter, as formerly there was among the Seven Cities of *Greece* for the Birth of *Homer*.

THE Parallel may yet be farther extended between *us* and his *Excellency*, *We* were both nursed,

as it were, in the Bosom of *Pallas*, dandled by the *Muses*, and educated among the Sons of *Phœbus*. These have been the Play-fellows of *our* Youth, and are still the Companions of *our* Age, to whom *we* have so far addicted *ourselves*, that *we* frequently fly from the Petulance of the Dead *Living* to the Conversation of the Living *Dead*. These are his Entertainments and Amusements, and are *our* Business and Liveliness. *We* tread upon classic Ground, and in Respect of Literature, the sole essential Difference between *Us* and *Him* seemeth to be this, that the Bulk of *our* Erudition is confined to the local Dimensions of *our* Shop; whereas, he carrieth about in himself a Library.

HE, although possessed of such eminent Abilities, never looked down with Contempt on Men of inferior Talents, but rather encouraged their honest Ambition, and cherished their laudable Attempts: And *we*, whom you will acknowledge to be full as great an *Original* in *our* Province, have been ever fond of adopting good Copies, and making them in a Manner *our own* Children by Regeneration.

Castor and *Pollux* could only shine alternately, but *we* rose together, as two primary Planets,

nets, on this Hemisphere; and such Authors, as discovered any Sparks of Genius, were *our* Satellites. These *we* distinguished; these *be* preferred, and among such wast thou rated, and promoted: But *thou* hast been a Meteor, which, being raised to a certain Altitude, blazeth for a Moment, and then vanisheth.

MUST *our* faithful Types, which gave Birth to thy first Essays, and are still ready to perform their Obstetric Office, be now treated as insignificant, and dead Letters? Must that *Hibernian* Harp, which the Hand of *Chesterfield* newstrung with silver Wires, rust in dumb Suspence? And can *we* hope, that *thou* wilt regard *us*, when thou neglectest *him*? Or, that *thou* wilt remember the Founder of *thy* Fame, when *thou* forgettest the Fabricator of *thy* Fortune? *We* had some Thoughts——but well, no Matter——*we* shall be more cautious and frugal in recommending Folks for the future. Necessity, *we* find, is the Mother of Invention, and to speak *our* Sentiments more explicitly, Ministers of State, and Masters of the Literary Mint should treat their Authors, as the grand Monarch doth his Nobleſſe, that is, puff them up with pompous Titles, but at the same Time keep them poor in order to render them dependent. They

They should lead them through the Wilderness of Distress to the very Top of *Parnassus*, and having fed them with airy Hopes, and given them a distant Prospect of the Land of Promise, leave them there to perish, like the Patriarch on *Pisgab*.

WE should, in short, manage *our* Poets, as prudent Farmers do their Mules, which are excellent Beasts of Burden, while inured to daily Labour, and hard Feeding, but when turned to Clover, and suffered to rest for any Time, become vicious and intractable.

THIS Charge, however harsh and severe, was too well grounded, to be refuted; wherefore instead of offering any formal Defence, or plausible Excuse, I confessed the Justice of his Accusation with an humble Acknowledgment of my Fault, and obtained his gracious Pardon, on Condition, I would make an immediate and ample Attonement, to which I readily submitted.

WE shall not, said his *Higness*, aggravate your Sins of Omiffion, but rather bury your past Silence in Oblivion. Our poetical Harvests have indeed for many Years been very thin; yet would *we* not appear extravagant in *our* Demands;

mands ; but *thou* hast lain so long fallow, that *we* may now well expect a double Crop, which, considering the present general Dearth of Wit, *we* should husband to the best Advantage, that is, distribute for the Benefit and Relief of the Public, with some Grains of Allowance for *our own* private OEconomy.

It is altogether unnecessary to give you particular Instructions, whether you lament *our* LAWSON, or applaud *your* CHESTERFIELD : You cannot be too witty, humorous, and jocular to the latter ; nor too sad, serious and solemn on the former.

WHAT then replied I, must I write a Tragi-Comedy? By no Means rejoined *he*, such Theatrical Monsters are intolerable. *We* must have two distinct Panegyrics. You will find Room, enough besides, for By-Compliments to Persons at the Helm of Affairs, and whatever you may sing, or say concerning *ourselves* by Way of Allusion or Comparison to lard, and embellish a Sentence, Parenthesis to plump, and round a Period, Digression, or Apostrophe to lengthen, and complete the Work, shall neither be cast into a Corner, nor put under a Bushel.

MOREOVER *we* see no Reason, why *you* should exclude *yourself* on this Occasion ; an Ox, which

which treads the Corn, should not be muzzled, nor that Author, who thresheth his Brains, to compliment others, be Tongue-tyed in his own Praises. The same Vehicle, which bore the Hero, carried the Charioteer, and *Homer* celebrates them both together: And why may not the Patron, and the Poet be contained in the same Composition? Is he, who planteth a Vineyard, forbidden to pluck, and taste the Fruit thereof? How shall a judicious Cook adapt, and season his Olios and Soupes, and Sauces to the delicate Gust of others, but by the Proof and Conviction of his own Tongue? Shall the Cobler, who new-vampeth old Shoes for half the Parish, be not allowed to give his own a Lift? Or the Taylor, who fashioneth, and finisheth our fine Gentlemen, reserve no Remnants, to repair the Ruins of his own Thread-bare Cloak withal?

A poor modern Panegyrist, born under *Mercury*, who was the God of Eloquence and Fidelity, shall display the whole Armament of his Rhetoric, and strip a dozen dead Heros of their dedicated Habiliments, to dizen, and furbish up one living Lump of Nobility: Yet after the Loss of all his Labour and Oil, although he should hunger, and thirst ever so much after Applause from his Readers and Hearers, he may gape in vain; where-

wherefore, in the Distribution of his Eleëmofynary Doles to ſuch, as lack them, he ſhould maturely conſider his own Neceſſities, and, while he carveth for others, not cut himſelf out of Commons.

To ſet one's own Merits in their proper Light, however it may be deemed Arrogance and Conceit by the cenſorious and envious, is but a Piece of perſonal and poetical Juſtice, as *we* could evidently prove from an illuſtrious Roll of immortal Antients, and a Cloud of indiſputable Authorities within the Weekly Bills of Mortality.

By this commendable Self-commending Quality ſeveral material Points are attained.

IN the firſt Place you pre-arm, and counter-balance yourſelf againſt the Diſpraiſes of your Enemies.

IN the ſecond you ſave your Friends the Trouble of pleading your Cauſe.

IN the third however well-inclined, and handy they might be to ſcratch your Itch for Fame, yet of all Men living you muſt be the moſt competent Critic of the prurient Parts, which without Deviation or Miſtake, you may claw to your entire and full Satisfaction.

IN

In the fourth you shew yourself a Man of Sincerity, Truth and Candour, in expressing the real Sentiments of your very Soul.

AND in the fifth and last you prevent all Jealousy, which is the Bane of all Domestic Happiness, inasmuch as you may love, and admire yourself without a Rival.

BUT why should we longer delay thee by Digressions from the main Scope of our Discourse? Time is on the Wing, a Bird of Passage, which like *Noah's* Raven, goeth forth, and returneth not, and perhaps, while *we* speak, an entire Distich, or half Simile may be lost. Go then Garret thyself up, and, as the Weather proves foul, or fair, exert thy ludicrous, or melancholly Talents.

I WENT, as bidden, and have now been above two Months considering, and reconsidering, what I should, or should not, write on Subjects of such Diversity, when, behold! the good Master, mine Host, hath drawn up his Bill of Fare, and invited a Crowd of Guests, before his unfortunate Caterer and Cook could prepare, or even procure one Morfel for their Entertainment. They come, no doubt, with keen Appetites: But by the Time I shall have performed my Part, they will have little relish for
the

the first or second Course. To speak plainly, my Lord, *his most Serene Highness* hath had the Staff of my *Pegasus*, and alarmed to the World, I mean his World of Readers, that I have something new to communicate through his Hands to your Lordship.

The Charge is already sounded, and the Battle must at all Adventures ensue. As I have elsewhere Sung———*Volat irrevocabile FIAT*
Et Faulknera fides.———

———‘Irrevocable flies
The Lordly FIAT, and *Faulknerian* Faith.’———

And as his Word Vagrant; like the given Promise of *Homer's Jupiter*, or volatile *Hermes*, escaping through the risted Alembic of some sage and sooty Chymist, is not now to be recalled by him much less not obeyed by his humble Scribe, some extraordinary Productions will of Course be forthwith expected to the no small Emolument of the Publisher, the Credit of his Author, the Honour of your Lordship, and Edification of the Public.

His repeated and solemn Affeверations, his plighted and inviolable Faith, his Letters patent and circular, his printed Manifestos, authentic

tic Declarations, and categorical Resolutions are, as I may say, the several infallible Prognostics, and hopeful Harbingers of these big and important Advantages in Succession: As Vapours, flying from the Surface of Lakes, antedate future Clouds in the Skies; Clouds frequently presage, and brood Lightning; Lightning fore-runs Thunder; Thunder Showers; and Showers bespeak a plentiful Harvest.

BUT, alas! how will the sanguine Hopes and Expectations of the Parties premised be rendered totally null and void, when the bel-lowing Tribe of meagre Bards, and lank Critics, like *Pharaoh's* ill-favoured and lean-flesh-ed Kine, eat up my best featured and fairest Offspring! What can be wrought, and finished with nicer Art and Ingenuity, than *Arachne's* Lawn, suspended to the sublime Cieling of a spacious Hall, as it were beyond the Reach of inferior Accidents? When, lo! some vile, un-thrifty Chamber-Maid cometh with her Antichristian *Pope's*-head-brush, and sweepeth down the Weaver and her Web together.

SUCH, I fear, will become the downfall and undoing of these my lofty Lucubrations, disconcerted, and broken by the callous and clumsy Hands of Witlings and Word-Catchers

Catchers, who from damned Poetry have turned their Heads to foul Criticism, as Folks convert their Cast Coach-Horses to Dung-Carts.

LITTLE will it avail me, that, independent of external Aid, I have spun the Materials out of my own Brains, and laboured whole Days and Nights, in bringing the Work to Perfection, when the delicate and tender Texture, instead of standing the Test, will not even abide the Touch.

THE Dung-Carts, and their Criticisms may pass well enough together; and, lest they should object against this Comparison of myself to an Insect, as mean and creeping, let them hear, what *Pliny* saith of such industrious and neat Spinsters. *Araneorum Genus eruditâ Operatione conspicuum.* 'The Family of Spiders are very notable for their curious Housewifery.' But in Case they should spare the Spider, they will arraign the Retailer of this homely Similitude for an errant Plagiary: To quash *which* Indictment, I can offer no fairer Plea, than an honest Confession, that I borrowed the Thought with very little Variation, from a voluminous *Latin* and *English* Poem, written purely for the Benefit of their Fraternity many Years ago, although not yet published

ed; it is dedicated to your *Lordship*, and must I believe, pass for mine, 'till they can lay it before the Door of a better Father. Here would I willingly halt, and spread a Vail over the Poet and Spider, but Murder and Truth will at some odd Time or other ebulliate.

MUCH it irketh me to conceive any Thing, that might cast the least unfavoury Note of Asperision on any Member of our Faculty.

BUT what I am going to mention is rather a Matter of Compassion and Pity, than Reproach or Shame, a Distemper, which frequently seizes the Body poetical with sudden Fits, and Starts, and, what is most extraordinary, the Violence of the Paroxysm, instead of heating, chills the whole Mass of Blood, ties the Tongue, and sinks the Spirits.

SOME Naturalists have ascribed it to the malign Influence of a Planet, and look upon it as the consequent, and concomitant Effect of averysifying Itch: But I should rather attribute it to mere subluxary Causes; and such Accidents will happen, while there are such unclassical Things upon Earth, as pauntry Debts, insolent Writs, and rude Bailiffs; for, although Poets may take great Licences, yet alas! *Grub-street* is no Place of Privilege.

THE Tragical and too true Lines in sober Sadness run as follow.

*Sedula ceu vacuodendet aranea tecto,
Externisq; carens opibus pensum urget, et extis
Tenia multiplicis deducit stamina telæ,
Dediosa manu quam tandem Femina turpi
Averrit: monumenta cadunt operosa dierum
Multorum, et minimo jam puncto temporis bospes
Dædala perq; domum textæ decus omne Minervæ.*

*Sic Vates inter terram sublimis et astra
Quærit opes, instatq; operi, cerebroq; repostam
Rem trahit, et gracili contextit carmina filo,
Quam tamen e castris mediisq; laboribus Harpax
Impius abripuit, brutumq; coegit in antrum
Divinum artificem, et Phœbi prælagia rîst.
Atrementa jacent tabulis inversa: quiescunt
Prælia cœpta: leves agitatæ turbine, quales
Cumæa sub rupe, comæ, ludibria Ventis
Hinc atque inde domûs magnum per inane ferun-
tur*

Cum calamis, laceraeq; ruunt a culmine Musæ.

Speculi Poetici, Lib. 3.

As high the Spider from an empty Roof
Industrious hangs, and from her Entrails draw
The slender Mazes of her filmy Web, Whom

Whom some invidious lazy Damfel sweeps
 Away with sluttish Hand: down fractur'd fall
 The laboured Monuments of many Days,
 In one sad Instant of destructive Time
 The curious Guest, and through the sordid
 Dome
 The total Ornament of woven Geer.

The lofty Poet, balanc'd thus between
 Earth and the Stars, ideal Wealth explores,
 Urges his Task, from beetled Brain extracts
 Intrinsic Matter, and with subtle Thread
 Weaves his *Pierian* Stuff, whom yet bemus'd
 Forth from his Camp, and interrupted Toils
 An impious Harpy turbulent hath hal'd,
 And head-long hurried into brutal Den
 The Rhiming Wight, Artificer Divine,
 And mock'd the sage Predictions of his God.
 Inverted lies his Inkhorn: In the Birth
 His Battles die: The titled Pages light,
 As tofs'd beneath *Cumean* Cave, the Leaves
 Of Sibyl flutter'd with tempestuous Whirl,
 Wide through the Mansion void fly Vagabond,
 The Sport of Winds, and with devoted Quills
 The tattered *Muses* from their Turret rush.

My *British* Brethren, the Cob-web-weavers
 of high-flown Fustian will be very smart on this
 Occasion, and tell me, that I have set my Wits

on Wool-gathering, to patch up a sad Piece of *Hibernian* Stuff, which I would impose on your *Lordship* for *English* Manufacture with a *Mislesian* Front of Assurance, and impute the bold and barefaced Attempt to Madness, or Vanity,

BUT your *Lordship's* unfashionable Humanity may with some Colour of Reason deduce it from an obsolete Tenet, maintained by many darkened Heathens, upheld still by several *Turks*, and to this Day practised by some *Hottentôts*, but in a Manner utterly rejected, and exploded by the more enlightened *Christians* of this refined Age.

IT is no more than a Recollection of past Favours and Obligations, which can only serve to burden, and encumber the Memory, being rather hurtful, than useful to the Conduct of human Life, as they conceive, observing, that wise Men walk steadily by Foresight; while Fools frequently stumble in their Progress by Retrospection.

I must candidly confess myself one of these improvident Back-looking Simpletons, who suffer themselves to be supplanted in the good Graces of their Betters, and, by Tracing a cold Scent, often run counter to their own Interests.

LET

LET Authors of keener Speculation, like certain Flowers, expand their Leaves and In-
cense to the rising Sun of Power. But let it
suffice my Pride and Ambition to pursue your
Lordship to the Shade of a more elevated Geni-
us, and feast on the lively Reflections of a
grateful Heart, a perpetual Fountain of the
purest Pleasures, a precious Tenure, not ob-
noxious to the rapine of Men, or the Caprice
of Fortune.

THESE are Gratifications, which no Satiety
can pall. These genuine Images present no
fantastical, false or glaring Colours, but are
to the Mind, what living, pure and refreshing
Verdure is to the Sight, and in giving a Loose
to such Thoughts, I shew myself truly Selfish.
To have been distinguished by your Liberality
must imply some real, or seeming Merit in its
Object, and in recognizing, and revealing your
Deserts, I but exhibit, and establish the Recti-
tude of my own Sentiments.

THIS is labouring in a Soil, that will yield
an hundred Fold, and cultivating a goodly
Tree, that will afford the most delicious Fruits,
and the most regaling Umbrage. Under your
Sanction and Protection I shall retain on my
Side all meritorious Men, and ward off, if not
engage

engage even the worthlefs; and, indeed your Countenance is absolutely neceffary for a Writer in my prefent Situation, as an excellent Antidote and fovereign Specific againft the Squints of Envy, the Leers of Malice, and Blights of Detraction.

ANTIEN Poets, * we find, circled their Foreheads with Phylacteries of Lady-Glove for the like Purpofes, and your *Lordskip's* Bays will prove the moft efficacious Amulet againft the Blafts of critical Fulminations,

THE numerous Claimants of *Parnaffus*, however pertinacious in asserting their own Pretensions, and obftinate in decrying the Merits of others, yet unanimoſly proclaim your Title, acknowledge your Dominion, and acquieſce in your Authority. You preſide by common Conſent, and your Awards are allowed on all Hands, as finally decifive.

THE ſmall Critics, although they never enrich themſelves by Prizes, are ever more at War with all Adventurers in the fluctuating Commodities of Poetry, yet lower their Top-Sails to your Flag: Wherefore I would implore your Paſſ-

----- * Bacchare frontem

Cingite, ne Vati noceat mala lingua futuro.

VIRG.

Pass-port against the merciless Captures and illegal Depredations of these piratical Privateers.

It was the fond Opinion of Doctor *Swift*, that a few Men of Genius united might rout the whole Herd of Dunces, and carry all Things before them, which Conclusion seemeth to have been drawn from the successful Practice of *Virgil*, *Varius*, and *Horace*, whose common Interests were imbarqued on the same broad Bottom: And verily the poetical Commerce might still be better maintained, and carried on by mutual, good Correspondence, and Bills of Exchange,

As your *Lordship's* original Fund disdains all Partnership, so will it not admit of any Competition. Yet will not your Generosity suffer you to become a Monopolist, but rather an Encourager of honest Enterprizers, whose capital Stock might otherwise but ill support their Paper-Credit.

WHEN I first launched out into the South-Seas of Bubble-Fame, Doctor *Swift* was graciously pleased to direct my Course by his Charts, and accept some of my Draughts; by which Means I avoided many Rocks and Shallows, in exporting my Home-spun Manufactures

tures; and, although my Dealings were not extensive, yet my Returns were sufficient to keep my Head employed, and my Hands at Work, and as I never encroached on the Craft of my Neighbours, nor dealt in ill-wrought or contraband Goods, I maintained the Character of an industrious fair Trader.

BUT since I have lost the great *Drapier's* Counter-Security, and Weight of Authority, my little Barque will, I fear, be set a-drift without Ballast, and my Notes protested by the Public, unless your *Lordship's* Indulgence vouchsafe to honour them with your Acceptance,——*Tu nunc eris alter ab illo.*

THE same patriot Principles, which influenced the whole Tenour of his Life, display themselves through all your Actions, and those peculiar Talents of Wit and Humour, in which his Imitators are but remote Followers, are congenial in your *Lordship*.

MY personal Obligations to him were such, that I must ever love, and reverence his Memory; for he was not more zealous to raise my Reputation, than solicitous to promote my Fortune; and it hath been my singular Happiness

piners to have been, as it were after a providential Manner, entailed on his Co-equal in Capacity, but Superior in Power.

OVID informeth us, that *Memnon's* Effigies uttered harmonious Notes, when smitten by the Rays of the Sun, and, I may say, without a Fiction, that my Muse had remained as dumb, as ordinary Statues, had she not felt my Lord *CHESTERFIELD's* Influence, in so much that she might well ascribe to him, what *Horace* hath attributed to *Melpomene*.

Quod Spiro, et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.

That yet I breathe is only thine,
And please, if haply please, thy Gift benign.

I CANNOT on this Occasion, without incurring the deadly Guilt of Ingratitude, omit my solid and everlasting Obligations to my generous Friend and ingenious Country-man, Mr. *Nugent*, who without any Sollicitations of mine, or other Motion, than the mere Impulse of his own benevolent Spirit, first recommended me to your Lordship's Notice, and Patronage.

AND

AND here I cannot forbear from breaking out into *Virgil's* Rapture.

*Fortunati ambo ! si quid mea Carmina possunt,
Nulla Dies unquam memori vis eximet ævo.*

Hail happy Pair ! if aught avail my Lays,
No distant Day shall ever blot your Praise.

In the next Degree to these indispensable Obligations, and Bonds of Duty to Benefactors, which, if not duly discharged, must ever stand in Judgment against us, are those voluntary Tributes, those Debts of Honour, which we render to Men merely for their own Worth and Excellence. These necessarily beget Admiration and Esteem ; and Admiration and Esteem are the natural Parents of Approbation and Applause. This Admiration, and this Esteem, like involuntary Pulsations of the Blood-vessels, are often excited in the very Hearts of inveterate Enemies, and this Approbation and Applause at Intervals extorted, though not without some Shock, even from the Tongues of rank Envy, like ætherial Flame from the grossest Bodies electrified.

THESE

THESE are universal and perpetual Revenues, which your Lordship may well expect, not only from the Natives of *England* and *Ireland*, but from all Nations, and all Ages, undebas'd with Barbarism, undegraded with Inhumanity. You will, you must remain recorded to latest Posterity, and shine among those Worthies, who have, as it were, invested themselves with Immortality, by blessing, and adorning their Species.

*Quiq; pii Vates et Phebo digna locuti,
Inventas aut qui Vitam excoluere per Artes,
Quiq; sui memores alios fecere merendo.*

VIRG.

Such pious Poets, as by *Pæan* stung
In Strains well worthy of the God have sung,
Or scienc'd Sages, whose exalted Parts
Have Life embellish'd with invented Arts,
And god-like Patriots, who have deep-im-
press'd

Their deathless Deeds on every Good-Man's
Breast.

In this pre-eminent Class I may with Justice and Propriety, rank the late Doctor *Lawson*: He hath a collateral Right to participate these Honours with your *Lordship*; and, I am per-

persuaded, your Modesty will receive no small Relief in turning your Eyes from your own Eulogies to his Obsequies.

It was my peculiar Happiness to have lived, and conversed with him for the Course of many Years, under the most familiar and unreserved Degrees of Intimacy, not without those mutual Attachments, which unite Persons, addicted to the same Studies and Amusements, and indeed it was impossible to know him well, and at the same Time not love, and esteem him thoroughly.

THE following Poem was principally written at the pressing Instances of the worthy Gentleman, to whom it is addressed; not to repeat the powerful Importunities and positive Injunctions of my Friend *Faulkner*, whose unwearied Services to the Public, for a long Revolution of Years, if seriously considered, merit the grateful Acknowledgements of all his Countrymen, and whose Probity, Liberality, Benevolence and Humanity might reflect no sinister Dishonour on the Stars and Garters of many *right Honourables*.

Few Men have sufficient Patience and Temper to be jested with, and see themselves exhibited in a ludicrous Light: Yet *Socrates*,
the

the wittiest, the best, and wisest of uninspired Mortals, could behold the Farce of *Aristophanes*, without the least Resentment, or Confusion of Countenance. Such is our Prince of Printers, and as his Good-Humour would not scruple to publish the Raillery, relative to himself, in the former Part of this Epistle, I hope, his Modesty will be the less offended at this favourable, but honest Representation of his real Character. Your Lordship knoweth him well, and will therefore pardon the loose Impropriety, for the strict Justice of this Digression.

BUT to return to Dr. *Lawson*, I should judge all Encomiums unnecessary to recommend his Merits, nor should I now venture to display them, had I not found his Writings, and Abilities decry'd, and vilified by the Tongues and Pens of profound Pedants, and shallow Critics.

THESE noxious Animals haunt, and persecute his Remains, brooding, and fluttering over his little Inaccuracies, like Bats (which are but a flying Species of Vermin) nestling in, and hovering over the Crannies of consecrated Churches, and like ill-boding Owls, in their hideous Vespers hooting over the monumental

numental Repositories of the Dead, to the great Annoyance of the Living.

WHEREFORE I think it high Time to vindicate, and assert the Reputation of an Author, whose Life and Actions were dedicated to the Service of his Creator, and the Benefit of his Fellow-Creatures, and whose Death must consequently be lamented by all good Men; whose Genius reflected Honour on our University in particular, and on our Nation in general, and whose exquisite Lectures, whilst any Tincture of Literature abideth amongst us, notwithstanding a few Lapses, will remain the Standard and Criterion of sound Judgement, masculine Style, and sublime Sentiment. But I shall not farther anticipate what may be said of him elsewhere with a better Grace; and, for myself, I shall add only, that I am, with all Dutiful Deference, Respect and Gratitude,

My LORD,

Your LORDSHIP'S

Dublin, Nov.

most obliged,

9, 1759.

and most obedient,

humble Servant,

WILLIAM DUNKIN.

LAWSON'S

OBSEQUIES:

AN

E C C L O G U E.

ADDRESSED TO

MARGETSON ARMAR, ESQ.

His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani

Munere ———

VIRO

DUBLIN:

Printed by GEORGE FAULKNER, in *Essex-street*.

M.DCC.LIX.

C

С
м. 1881 г.

Императорской Библиотеки, в М. В. 1881 г.

Д. А. В. 1 М.

В. 1881 г. 1 М. 1881 г. 1 М. 1881 г. 1 М.

Императорской Библиотеки, в М. В. 1881 г.

С. 1881 г. 1 М.

В. 1881 г. 1 М. 1881 г. 1 М. 1881 г. 1 М.

О. В. 1881 г. 1 М. 1881 г. 1 М. 1881 г. 1 М.

Т. 1881 г. 1 М. 1881 г. 1 М. 1881 г. 1 М.

LAWSON'S Obsequies.

A N

E C C L O G U E.

ARMAR, accept the grateful Homage, due
To Worth departed, and bewail'd by you,

By you, whom well a Poet may commend
Religion's Advocate, and Virtue's Friend,
Lord of Himself, and of his Fortune, born 5
To point those Precepts, which his Life adorn,
Whose hospitable Soul, serenely great,
Ennobles Ease, and dignifies Retreat;
Whose Bosom beats, unstudious of Applause,
But big with Honour, for his Country's Cause: 10
Hence heave the Sighs for Learning in Decline,
For drooping Arts, for Poesy divine,
And manifold Eloquence in Lawson's Doom,
Consign'd for ever to the silent Tomb.

BUT should he fall? And shall the lonely Muse
The tuneful Tribute of her Grief refuse? 16
Refuse to Him her memorable Tears,
With whom she sported in his tender Years?
While, yet unconscious of Himself he stray'd,
Unsought, unnotic'd, through the pensive Shade,

C 2

With

With Wealth unfavour'd, to no lordly Line 21
 Ally'd, but PALLAS, and the sacred NINE,
J ~~scull'd~~ cull'd Him out from all the fable Crowd
 Of ALMA's Tribes, indignant of the proud,
 The pert, the vain, prefer'd his humble Name, 25
 And woo'd his Friendship with a pious Flame.

WE laugh'd at Fops, fantastically gay,
 The Pomp of Pride, and Impotence of Sway;
 At Scriblersvile, who blurr'd the blacken'd Page
 With fustian Phrensy, for poetic Rage, 30
 We laugh'd with * Johnson of ingenuous
 Heart,

Who well could act the candid Critic's Part,
 From fruitful Fancy start the happy Hint
 Surprising, quick as flashes from a Flint,
 Maturely plan the regular Design, 35
 Mix Wit with Ease, and point the glowing
 Line.

WHILE mimic Brilliants, though compos'd of
 Paste

And Varnish, polish'd to the GALLIC Taste,
 Blaz'd for a Day, like Meteors in the Skies,
 And gayly set, attracted vulgar Eyes, 40
 Incrusted as it lay, despis'd by Them,
 The prying Muse perceiv'd the real Gem,
 And weigh'd its Value: free from Envy's Glance,
 That ever looks at infant Worth a-skance,
 And

* Dr. Robert Johnson late Dean of *Tuam*, now
 Bishop of *Cloyne*, Nov. 1759.

And dims its Lustre with malignant Glee, 45
 She saw her LAWSON, and rejoic'd to see
 Soaring a-pace, and from his orient Ray
 Presag'd the Glories of his fuller Day.

WHEN gracious *GORE presided at the Helm,
 Diffusing Blessings through his native Realm,
 Awak'd HIBERNIA's Harp, inflam'd, her Bards
 With rival Spirit, and propos'd Rewards, 52
 The Youth, auspicious in his first Effays
 Enter'd the Lifts, and bore away the Bays
 For Latian Strains in Honour of our King, 55
 Such Strain's as MARO's Musé might deign to sing:
 High was the Subject, and as high the Song,
 Harmonious, ardent, vehement, and strong,
 The genuine Son confess'd the *Delphic* Sire,
 And rag'd with *Homer's* Heat, and *Pindar's* Fire.
 So when of old on fam'd *Elean* Plains 61
 Contending Heroes gave the flowing Reins,
 And lash'd the foamy Steeds, the Palm in View,
 While from their Eyes the living Lightning flew;
 Some princely Youth, applauded by the Throng,
 Superior drove his dusty Car along : 66
 The fervid Wheels impetuous, uncontroll'd
 Roll'd to the Goal, and kindled, as they roll'd.

FROM antient Authors others by Degrees
 Toilsome and slow extract their Store, as Bees 70

C 3

Rise

* Sir Ralph Gore, Bart. Speaker of the House of Commons, and one of the Lords Justices of *Ireland*, who distributed 100 *l.* among such young Gentlemen of our University, as produced the best Copies of *Verses* on the King's Birth Day

Rife the Flow'rs, and from their balmy Bells
 With dulcet Thefts replete their waxen Cells.
 But LAWSON had a native Fund immense,
 Pure and perpetual, as a Fountain, whence
 Unnumber'd Rivulets irriguous flow, 75
 To cheer the Swains, refresh the Vales below,
 And, if he borrow'd any Thought, the Loan
 Was well repaid with Beauties, not its own.
 Whatever Hint, whatever Sketch he took
 From each approv'd, each venerable Book, 80
 Receiv'd new Form, Proportion aptly plann'd,
 And Light and Life from his creative Hand,
 Through Him, though long inimitable deem'd,
 The great Original still greater seem'd.

* So when the Sun in his meridian Way 85
 Pours from his purple Orb the golden Day,
 The rival Ocean with Effulgence streams,
 Refunds his Glories, and augments ~~the~~ Beams:
 He shines aloft more eminently bright,
 And drinks his own reverberated Light. 90

Possess'd by *Phæbus* and the useful Pow'rs,
 He gayly play'd through Fancy's painted Bow'rs,
 Yet

* These Lines are a Translation of the following beautiful and sublime Passage in our Author's Poem on his present Majesty, in which he compliments him on the Choice of his Ministers.

——— Alienâ etiam virtute decorus :

Hand secus illustris medio quum Phœbus ab axe

Purpureo vomit orbe diem ; micat æmula pontus,

Lumina reflectens, auctosq; reverberat ignes,

Splendidiorg; suum rursus bibit ille nitorem.

Yet, soon revolting from her fairy Train,
 He check'd the Sallies of his youthful Vein,
 To graver Studies, deeper Thoughts, in Quest 95
 Of fairer Knowledge, form'd his pliant Breast.
 His growing Mind, extended, and unfurl'd
 * Beyond the flaming Limits of the World,
 Launch'd into Regions, whither *Newton* soar'd,
 Regions by former Sages unexplor'd, 100
 Above the Sun, above the Starry Train,
 Nor devious wander'd through the liquid Plain,
 Like *Epimæus*, buoy'd with Bubble-Bliss,
 Lost, and bewilder'd in the vast Abyss.
 Exploring Nature's universal Laws 105
 And tracing from Effects the distant Cause,
 By Reason steering to the Port of Truth,
 He prov'd the mental Manhood of his Youth :
 And mix'd, acknowledg'd in these envious Days,
Minerva's Ivy with *Apollo's* Bays. 110

SOME soar to Science on Ambition's Wings,
 And court the Goddess for the Praise she brings :
 But his Incentive was a nobler Flame,
 The Love of Wisdom, not the Lust of Fame ;
 Nor was his Mind in Speculation deep 115
 Alone awake, but to the World asleep.
 His active Spirit from the moral Page
 Transfer'd her Part, and practis'd on the Stage,
 Thro' Scenes as various, as the human Face,
 Could still preserve her Character with Grace, 120
 Yet

* ————— Extra

Proceſſit longe flammanſia mænia mundi.

LUCRET.

And all the Shafts of baneful Envy foil,
 Calm and serene amidst this mortal Coil.
 So some fair Vessel, freighted with a Store
 Of *Indian* Treasure for the *British* Shore, [125
 Well mann'd, and rigg'd, a floating Forest rides,
 And braves the boist'rous Winds, and stems the
 roaring Tides.

SOME hoard the Talents of the free-born Muse,
 And heap up Learning, which they never use.
 But LAWSON'S Lamp resplendent Glory shed,
 Aloft suspended, and by *Pallas* fed. 130
 When with engaging, unaffected Air
 The great Professor grac'd the Critic's Chair,
 What Excellence appear'd in what he taught!
 What Weight of Argument, Extent of Thought,
 And Energy of Stile, sublime, refin'd 135
 And simply clear the Mirror of his Mind!

NATURE in Him had so perform'd her Part,
 She left but little for the Work of Art:
 Yet Art mature from all the Stores of *Greece*
 And *Rome* adorn'd this finish'd Master-piece: 140
 He sat unrival'd on her envy'd Throne,
 And ev'ry Grace and Beauty were his own.
 As choral Planets at due Distance run,
 Revolving Subjects, round the Regal Sun;
 The younger Genii round his Orbit, charm'd 145
 With all his Precepts, by his Influence warm'd,
 Obsequious

Obsequious mov'd, and in their present Night
 Imbibe his Fervour, and reflect his Light.
 Self-pois'd, attractive with collected Force, [150
 He could inform, and moderate their Course:
 High as her Head celestial Science rears,
 He reign'd the Center of their lucid Spheres,
 Infusing Life and Motion through the Whole,
 * Like his own *Plato's* universal Soul.

§ As here the Sea with lunar Tides abounds,
 And overflows the wide-extended Grounds,
 But there deserts her former Bed, a Waste
 Now void of Waters, and with Ooze defac'd:
 So Men in some their Opulence display,
 In other Arts their Penury betray. 160
 But he could form his vivid Works to glow
 With all the Colours of the watry Bow.
 † *Vertumnus*-like his Genius knew no Thrall,
 But wore all Habits, and became them all.
 The Comic, Epic, and the Tragic Strain 165
 Through various Channels from his happy Vein
 Exundant issu'd, as if each had sole
 Receiv'd the copious Currents of the Whole.

No vulgar Flame, Emotions faint inspire
 The raptur'd Poet, if his Muse of Fire 170
 Æthereal

* ——— Totamq; infusa per artus
 Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet. *VIRG.*
Æn. 6. ——— § See Pope's Essay on Criticism.

† Talis in æterno felix Vertumnus Olympo
 Mille habet ornatus, mille decentur habet.

TIBULLUS, lib. 4. Eleg. 2.

Æthereal mount, and with delightful Change
 Wide through the Fields of rare Invention range,
 His flying *Pegasus* keeps equal Pace
 With mighty *Shakelpear*'s in the magic Race. 175
 In moral Vision if his Fancy rove,
 With awful *Plato*'s, through the solemn Grove,
 His lively Fictions but embellish Truth,
 Flush'd with the Bloom of never-fading Youth:
 The radiant Robe, that veils the purer Skin,
 Attests the bright Divinity within. 180

NOR *Pope*, nor *Lucian* could excel his Wit
 In pointed Satire, ever sure to hit
 The Mark in View, and hitting leave behind
 A lasting Ulcer on the Victim's Mind,
 Had not the Flowings of a softer Heart 185
 Restrain'd its Rage, and wash'd away the Smart.
 His Weapon splendid, and from Poison pure,
 That gave the Wound, could minister the Cure,
 Preserving Sound from imminent Decay,
 By cutting proud and putrid Parts away. 190

HE far from Envy, when a Brother shone,
 Emblaz'd his Merit, but conceal'd his own.
 Not prone to dictate with pedantic Pride,
 A candid Critic, and familiar Guide,
 Like Saint-resembling *Socrates*, of Soul, 195
 Tho' clogg'd with Clay, yet rapt above the Pole,
 He led us on insensibly to rise
 From humble Earth, to scale the lofty Skies. The

The lowest Subject in his Hand became
 Sublime, enliven'd with his lambent Flame, 200
Promethean Flame, deriv'd from heav'nly Fire,
 And re-ascending to the Solar Sire.

The *Lydian* King, pourtray'd in Fable dim
 By Bards, was but the Prototype of Him:
 Whate'er he touch'd, refin'd from Rust and
 Mold, 205

Was metamorphos'd into Clastic Gold.

BUT, if a Critic, with invidious Eye,
 Should here and there some small Defects espy,
 Such Blemishes, which *Homer* could not shun,
 May well be deem'd as Atoms in the Sun, 210
 Few Freckles in a Face, divinely fair,
 Foils to the Jewels, which a Prince might wear,
 Unlabour'd Elegance, more apt to please,
 And only graceful Negligence and Ease.

THE Mien majestic, Soul-expressive Air, 215
 And colour'd Passions are the Master's Care:
 Due Draperies, though Niceness they demand,
 Are but the Province of an under Hand.
 Both imitate Realities, but claim,
 Unequal Portions of attending Fame; 220
 This mimics well the Taylor's Work exprest,
 The flowing Mantle, or embroider'd Vest.
 That soars aloft through bolder Paths untrod,
 And copies Man the Master-Piece of God.

Such

Such *Lawson* was; for manly Beauties born, 225
 He look'd on little Ornaments with scorn.
 Yet when his Judgment would reform our
 Schools,

From reigning Errors with unerring Rules,
 He bade the *Stagyrite*, who darken'd lay,
 To reptile Worms, and baser *Goths* a Prey, 230
 Enrich the *West*, and beam in *British* Stile,
 Fil'd from the Ruft of Commentators vile.
 So sage *Ulysses*, *Ithaca's* high Boast,
 By rolling Billows on *Phæacia's* Coast
 An Alien cast, with chilling Horror shook, 235
 Death in his Eyes, and Famine in his Look,
 'Till bright *Naufcaa*, cheering with her Charms,
 Array'd with Royal Robes the Man of Arms:
 His Heart regal'd with Vigour sprang a-new,
 And all the Hero stood confest to View. 240

IMMORTAL *Tully*, like a Comet rose,
 Portentous Terror to his Country's Foes,
 And darted Radiance from the *Roman* Bar
 Widely diffus'd, and propagated far, [245
 Which, recollected through his manly Lines,
 With double Ardour animated shines.

THROUGH the long Series of destructive
 Years.

Demosthenes, with *Attic* Pomp appears,
 Another, and the fame; he springs elate,
 Fresh from his Ruins, and survives his Fate: 250
 He

He breathes in *Lawson*, more than Mortal
speaks,

In Volleys, hark ! his oral Thunder breaks
Resistless—raging with revengeful Thirst, [255
His kindled Hearers into Heros burst ;
They catch the Patriot, and the martial Flame,
The same their Spirit, and their Voice the same,
“ * Come snatch up Arms, repel this *Philip*, lo !
“ This lawless Tyrant, This perfidious Foe” .
They march, they fight, and, falling on the
Plains,

Expire *Athenians*, and prevent their Chains. 260

BUT should the Preacher with diviner Zeal,
Like *Paul*, the sacred Oracles reveal,
Plead from the Pulpit, and his Audience move,
Inform, exhort, admonish, urge, reprove,
Dash bold Blasphemers, to Delinquents nice 265
Present the foul Deformities of Vice,
And in their angry Majesty display
The Judge and Terrors of a future Day,
Embattled Ministers of Wrath extreme, [270
The Terrors instant, and the Judge supreme,
When raying from his Eye one Spark of Ire
Shall set the peopled Universe on Fire,
And loud the Trumpet rouse up all below
To boundless Bliss, or everlasting Woe, The

* See the 2d. Lecture of our Author, Page 43.

The guilty trembled; frighted at the Charge,
Remorseless Libertines, who roam'd at large,
Devoid of Honour, and a Sense of Shame,
Through Nature's Forest for unlawful Game,
Themselves a Prey, perceiv'd the watchful
Wolf,

The pendent Precipice and yawning Gulf, 280
From Death recoiling: Deists, wont to rail
At Truths divine, with conscious Horror pale,
Sunk self-condemn'd, renounc'd their Pagan
Creed,

From Passion, Pride, and Prepossession freed,
And saw with Wonder through the Gospel-Day,
* Beneath what Cloud the Light of Nature lay.

WHILE others lepp'd the Suckers and the
Shoots

Of Irreligion, he tore up the Roots:

Yet when, to stem the Torrent of our Crimes,
He lash'd the flagrant Vices of the Times, 290
To Sinners open'd Death's tremendous Rolls,
Knock'd at their Breasts and shook their inmost
Souls,

To quell their Agonies, abate their Fears,
And melt them into Penitence and Tears,
He taught them to regain supernal Grace, 295
Infusing Balm, and all within was Peace;
Then dawning Hope, then radiant Faith serene
Enlarg'd their Prospect to a blissful Scene,
And

• ————— vidit quanta Sub nocte jaceret
Nostra dies. ———— LUCAN:

And rais'd them, rapt as on seraphic Wings,
To sing *Hosanna* to the King of Kings. 300

† So when JEHOVA gives his Voice on high,
From Pole to Pole the forky Lightnings fly;
From Pole to Pole redoubt'd Thunders roar,
The frighted Billows bound from Shore to
Shore, [305

Then shrink into themselves: Convulsions rend
The Clouds: The Clouds in Cataracts descend:
The Gloom dispell'd, a sudden Calm ensues,
The Sun returns, the Meads unfold their Hues;
The Cattle sport, the plauding Birds around [310
Warble their Joy, that Hill and Vale resound.

WHEN meek-ey'd Charity, celestial Guest,
Which long he cherish'd in his brooding Breast,
Smil'd on Distress; when in her Cause endear'd
The Man, the Patron, and the Priest appear'd,
Thicker

† The latter Part of the following Simile bearing a
close Resemblance to some Lines in the 2d Book of Para-
dise Lost, that the Reader may compare them, we beg
leave to transcribe the whole Passage.

——Rejoicing in their matchless Chief:

As when from Mountain Tops the dusky Clouds
Ascending, while the North-Wind sleeps, o'erspread
Heav'n's chearful Face, the low'ring Element
Scouls o'er the darken'd Landscape, Snow or Show'r;
If chance the radiant Sun with Farewel sweet
Extend his Evening Beam, the Fields revive,
The Birds their Notes renew, and bleating Herds
Attest their Joy, that Hill and Valley rings.

Thicker than Surges on the briny Flood, 315
 Thicker than Pines in some *Norwegian* Wood,
 Each tender Accent for the Sons of Woe
 Descended, softer than the plumy Snow:
 The ravish'd Audienc^e with Attention hung [330
 On vocal Nectar, following from his Tongue.
 Disdainful Grandeur flood abash'd, and aw'd,
 Ruthless Oppression, Avarice and Fraud,
 Warm'd with Humanity, began to melt,
 And sigh for Sorrows, which they never felt:
 While *Christian Jews*, in Usury grown old, 325
 Unty'd their Bags, and manumiss'd their Gold
 From rusty Durance, speeding it, late-freed,
 To clothe the Naked, and the Hungry feed,
 Willing to purge their harpy-Claws from
 Leav'n, [320

And bribe a Blessing from the Hand of Heav'n.
 * So when the Prophet, by divine Command,
 Through dreary Desarts and a barren Land,
 The Haunt of Dragons, led the Race of God,
 A-thirst, and fainting, with his potent Rod, [335
 That Rod, which Wonders over *Egypt* wrought,
 Prodigious, quick, as instantaneous Thought,
 He smote the rigid Rock; a Fountain gush'd;
 Prone to the Vale the vital Eddy rush'd.

Thus *Lawson* spoke, and with persuasive Dint
 Of Argument, unlock'd the Heart of Flint, 340
 To

* See *Addison's* Campaign.

To stream with Alms. What *Herod* would
not feel

His Rhetoric? though fenc'd with triple Steel,
Who could resist such tender Strokes of Art, 343
Such Language, flowing from an honest Heart?
That Heart, in which all Dignities combin'd
To form the Man, and christianize the Mind?
There Honour held her adamantin Tower,
Unsway'd by Faction, and unaw'd by Pow'r;
Fast Friend to naked Truth, her Object sole,
To that still pointing, as her proper Pole. 350
Good-nature there, to human Failings blind,
Prevail'd, and there the Love of human Kind:
There Friendship glow'd, harmonious as his
Lyre,

And pure and constant as the Vestal Fire. 355
Thence grateful filial Piety repaid
The parent Stock with nutrimental Aid,
And Love fraternal, to supply their Wants,
With kindly Dews reviv'd the kindred Plants.
Devotion, wing'd with animated Pray'r,
Serenely reign'd, as in her Temple, there, 360
Devotion pure, of Godlike Gifts the Prime,
Profound as Ocean, and as Heav'n sublime:
While Contemplation on the mystic Maze
Of Nature's Works, and Providence's Ways 364
Confirm'd his Faith, and taught him, as he trod
Through dubious Paths, to shape his Course
to God,

D

The

50 LAWSON'S OBSEQUIES.

The Martyr's Crown, the pious Pilgrim's Gains,
 Sum of his Hopes, and Solace of his Pains.
 Through ling'ring Languors, dolorous Decay,
 The Load of Life, the Servitude of Clay, 370
 Patient he bore, and fix'd his mental Eye
 Full on the glorious Liberties on high,
 And Joys, whose Fulness in eternal Rounds
 Nor Measure knows, nor whose Duration bounds,
 Fast by the Fountain of Beatitude, 375
 All-bounteous Parent of perpetual Good,
 The King of Glory, at whose distant Sight
 The Stars, extinguish'd in a Flood of Light,
 And Suns on Suns, with orient Gold array'd,
 Are but the Shadows of his fainter Shade: 380
 All Splendours fade, extinct as in their Urns,
 Save what the Presence of the Lamb returns,
 The filial Presence of the Lamb benign,
 Who, cloath'd with blissful Majesty divine, 384
 Could condescend in human Form to dwell,
 And now, triumphant over Death and Hell,
 Allays the Brightness of his Father's Beams,
 Accessible through Mercy's milder Streams.

AROUND his Throne, attun'd to sacred
 Song,

Angelic Hosts innumerable throng, 390
 Hymning alternately, with loud Acclaim,
 Their great Creator's and Redeemer's Name,
 There

There *Lawson*, mixing with the joyful Quire,
 Exalts his Voice, and modulates his Lyre;
 Each willing Note the Touch, and Breath
 obeys, 395
 Now swelling into Love, now trembling into
 Praise.

HE there, exempt from Envy, Pain and Strife,
 Reflects with Raptures on a well-spent Life;
 Enjoying, purer than *Riphean* Snow,
 The Fruits of all his virtuous Deeds below. 400
 The Soul enlarg'd new Faculties acquires,
 * Her happy Mansion, late attain'd, admires,
 Crown'd with victorious and immortal Wreath,
 Beholds the less'ning Clouds and Stars beneath,
 With glad Surprise reviews our stormy Seas,
 And from the Haven of her Halcyon-Ease 406
 Looks down with Pity on this rocky Coast,
 With high Disdain on what we value most,
 The Miser's Idol, Courtier's gaudy Train,
 The Hero's triumphs over Armies slain, 410
 The Pomp of Titles, Beauty's fading Flow'r,
 The grasping Statesman's undivided Pow'r,
 While, early posted at his gilded Gate,
 The cringing Crowd of craving Clients wait,
 To kiss his Hand, and with officious Wiles 415
 Quake at his Frowns, and bask upon his Smiles:

D 2 The

* Infuctum miratur limen Olympi,
 Sub pedibusq; videt nubes et Sidera Daphnis. VIAG.

The Golden Scepter, which his Monarch bears,
And Crown, attended with a Troop of Cares.

SUCH *Alma*, was my Friend, no longer
mine,

Such was thy Son, alas! no longer thine: 420
Nor sunk in Pleasure, nor in soft repose,
Full on thy lighten'd Hemisphere he rose;
He shone, he set; nor could our Isle deplore
A greater Loss, since *Stanbope* left her Shore.

His living Fountains of the true Sublime, 425
And liquid Lapses of melodious Rhime,
Inspir'd our Poets with diviner Dreams,
And fed their Genius with *Mæonian* Streams;
Those limpid Streams *Letbean* are become,
Those Lapses frozen, and those Fountains
dumb. 430

He sleeps in Death, compos'd to balmy Rest,
Or only wakes in Visions of the Blest.
Surviving Bards, who feasted on the Store
Of his ambrosial and enchanting Lore,
Conceive no Dreams, but solitary sit 435
In fasting Vigils of untasted Wit:

While I, connected to his Friendship long
In social Union, and concentring Song,
Reflect with Sadness on our joyous Days,

And only mix my Cypress with his Bays: 440
My

My Muse remains like some unhappy Dove,
 Wrapt in the Shade, and widow'd of her Love:
 No second Flame, no nuptial Joy she knows,
 Sole-tun'd to Complaints, and eloquent of Woes.

IN Him, the Pulpit occupy'd by Drones, 345
 Who grate our Ears with harsh discordant
 Tones,

Or, humming with Monotony, diffuse
 Religious Opium over peaceful Pews,
 Of Audience thinn'd, hath to its woful Cost
 Another *Secker* and *Delany* lost. 450

In him the Church, with *Sceptics* over-run,
 Laments a stedfast and undaunted Son.
 By Turns the weeping Fatherless forlorn,
 And Widows, void of Consolation, mourn. 455
 In Him, exalted to the fainted Quire,
 Another Husband, and another Sire.

O! had indulgent Heav'n prolong'd his Days,
 To reap the Harvest of his growing Praise,
 What sterling Treasure should we then behold,
 Fin'd from his Ore, and minted in his Mold! 460

THINE *Homer*, *Maurice*, which the Bard
 benign

* Fondly propos'd to polish, and refine, Sleeps

* See the Note to Page 202 of his 12th Lecture.

Sleeps unadorn'd, and indigested now,
 Like rude *Evander* with imperial Brow,
 Or like some savage Potentate rever'd, 465
 Rough with sharp Arrows and horrific Beard,
 Within whose darksome and capacious Vau't
 Vast Heaps of Pearl, and Adamant unwrought,
 Ermin and Ambergris and purple Dye,
 A precious Chaos, in Confusion lie, 470
 With Gums of Saba, Spices of Amboyne,
 And Gold in Embryo, but no current Coin.
 Retouch'd, and colour'd by his Art divine,
 Thine *Engliſh* Iliad, like the *Greek*, might
 shine

Distinguish'd, like its *Diomed*, attir'd 475
 With blazing Armour, and by *Pallas* fir'd.

* Or like that Star, which rising from the
 Main,

New-bath'd, beams brightest of the Sun-fed
 Train.

BUT say, O Muse! what Wonders of his own
 In Life maturer had thy *Lawson* shown! 480
 What matchless Monuments of Prose and
 Rhime,

To deck his *Athens*, and to combat Time,
 When

* Αττερ' οὐρανῷ ἐναλγύνειον, ὅστε μαλιστα
 Λαμπρὸν παμφάνησαι λελέμενος αἰετανοῖς

When to the Lines his quick'ning Hand should
give

Each finish'd Grace, and bid the Colours live!

OF all the rich Productions of his Brains 485

But one, expos'd to public View, remains,

One Volume only, to record his Name,

One * stately Pillar, to support his Fame :

And could the gentle Bard, resign'd to Death,

Condemn, like *Maro*, with his parting Breath 490

His golden Reliques to the Flames? his Toils

To glut pale Envy with *Athenian* Spoils?

And blast the sweet Memorial of his Parts?

Forbid it, all ye Laureat Sons of Arts;

For you, the Promise of a better Age, 495

He turn'd the *Grecian* and the *Roman* Page;

For you he bore *Aurora's* chilly Damp,

Toil'd the long Day, and trimm'd the midnight

Lamp,

For you his Fancy soar'd on Eagle-Wing,

And trac'd the Muses to their distant Spring; 500

For you his Judgment set that Fancy right,

And pois'd her glossy Plumes, and steer'd her

arduous Flight.

Heirs of his Fame, and of his Labours too,

Affert your Claim, and vindicate your Due.

BUT still the Laws, too mighty to withstand,

Exact Obedience to his last Command: [505

The

* Lectures concerning Oratory.

The Laws Exact—But what are partial Laws,
Oppos'd to Virtue's, and the public Cause?

Each Mortal, flinted to a narrow Span, [510
Dies for Himself; but Man was born for Man:

In vain he claims those Talents as his own,
By Providence imparted as a Loan,

A Trust repos'd in human Flesh and Blood,
And but Deposites for the publick Good.

Suppose his Fortune were a Sum immense
Of Copper-Coin, a Pyramid of Pence,

And he by wayward Will, the Miser's Plea,
Ordain'd it all to sink into the Sea,

Or, deep interr'd beneath a Pile of Stones, [520
Rust in his Grave and moulder with his Bones:

Could such a Will in *Doctor's Commons* bind 521
Trustees? and are the Treasures, of his Mind,

Treasures, which must for ever current pass,
Less pure, and sacred, than the fordid Mass?

His grosser Part, by Pains excessive stung, 525
Might maim his Reason, and misguide his

Tongue,

To doom those Volumes, fraught with Wisdom
sage,

Those Gems of Genius to the ruthless Rage
Of greedy Flames, to just Applause prefer'd,
The single Point, in which his Judgment err'd.

[530

BUT now methinks I see the bidden Friend,
Prompt to perform, yet willing to suspend

The

The mournful Office: Now the Brand he plies
 With trembling Hand, and with averted Eyes:
 The fatal Brand emits a livid Gleam, 535
 Ye Muses, quench it from your vengeful Stream:
 And thou, whose active steady Hand sustains
 The laurel-Scepter and the letter'd Reins,
 Whose ample Heart with public Spirit glows,
 Exults in Friendship, and with Pity flows, 540
 If *Alma's* Honour and *Hibernia's* Pride
 Affect that Heart, let Equity preside:
 Reverse the fell unnatural Decree,
 Prevent the Crime, and set the Captives free,
 O! give them, *ANDREWS, only to be read, 545
 And glad the Living, and adorn the Dead.
 'Tis thine the Cloud of Error to dispel,
 And lead forth Merit from her latent Cell.
 Let LAWSON'S Labours, which MINERVA spun,
 Burst into Day, and travel with the Sun: 550
 His Labours, which the Sister-Graces Wove,
 Reserv'd as Incense for imperial Jove,
 Should only feel the great, the final Fire,
 Triumphant over Time, and with the Globe
 expire. 554

* FRANCIS ANDREWS, Esq. L. L. D. Provost of the
 University of *Dublin*.

ERRATA.

Pro femina lege femina, Pa. 20.

For Sollicitous read Solicitous, Pa. 26.

For Sollicitations read Solicitations, Pa. 27

Pro vis lege vos, Pa. 28.

For following read flowing, Pa. 48.



BOOKS printed and sold by **GEORGE FAULKNER**, Printer and Bookseller in Essex-street.

The Iliad of Homer. Translated from the Greek into English Blank Verse, the Notes by Madam Dacier, 5 Vols. 14mo. 0 13 6h

THE Universal History, in 7 Vols. Fol. (which may be bound in 9) with Maps, Cuts, Notes, Chronological and other Tables, Price (neatly bound) 9 2 0

Ditto in 20 Volumes, Octavo, bound 5 10 0
The Works of J. SWIFT, D. D. D. S. P. D. in 9 Vols. 8vo. neatly bound 2 5 9

Ditto in Twelves, neatly bound 1 1 8
The Letters of Pliny the Younger, with Observations on each Letter; and an Essay on Pliny's Life, addressed to Charles, Lord Boyle, by John, Earl of Orrery, in 2 Vols. 8vo. 0 11 4h

A Vindication of the Divinity and Manhood of our Saviour Jesus Christ; as also of the Godhead of the Holy Ghost; and of the Divine Religious Worship that is respectively due to them both 0 2 2

Life of Madam Maintenon 0 2 2
Hilldrop's Contempt of the Clergy 0 1 7h

Chambers's Dictionary, 2 Vols. Folio 4 0 0

Supplement to Ditto 5 0 0
The Conduct of a Married Life 0 2 2

Life of Marianne. By the celebrated Mr. Mariveaux, three Vols. bound in two 0 6 6

The Lives of the Admirals, and other eminent British Seamen. In 4 Vols. 8vo. By John Campbell, Esq; 0 15 0

Pope's Works, 9 Vols. 12mo. complet 1 3 3
Poetical only, 6 Vols. 12mo. 0 16 3

Ditto, without the unciad, 5 Vols. 0 13 6h
Pope's Letters to and from Dean Swift, Mr. Gay, the late Lord Viscount Bolingbroke, and others the most eminent of the Age, 3 Vols. 12mo. 0 7 0h

An Apology for the Conduct of Mrs. Teresa Constantia Phillips, 3 Vols. 0 6 6

The Letters of Marcus Tullius Cicero, with Remarks by William Melmoth, Esq; 3 Vols. 12mo. 0 9 9

Memoirs of the extraordinary Life and Works of Martinus Scriblerus, by Mr. Pope 0 2 2

The Winter-Evening Tales, containing 17 delightful Novels Memoirs illustrating the Manners of the present Age, by Monsieur Du Clois, 12mo. 0 2 2

Virgilius elphini, 8vo. 0 6 6
Prior's Works, 2 Vols. 12mo. 0 5 5

The Spirit of Laws. Translated from the French of the celebrated M. de Secondat, Baron de Montesquieu, in 2 Vols. 8vo. 0 10 1d

Peter Wilkins, 2 Vols. 12mo. 0 4 1h

The History of Pompey the Little; or the Life and Adventures of a Lap-Dog 0 2 2

The History of Jasper Banks, commonly called the Handsome Man. In two Volumes 0 2 8h

Voltaire's Letters concerning the English Nation, 12mo. 0 2 2

Life of King David 0 5 5

Messieurs Port-Royals Greek Grammar, recommended by all the Universities in Europe 0 6 6

Letter on the Spirit of Patriotism 0 2 2
N.B. The four Books abovementioned are written by the Lord Viscount Bolingbroke

Rudiments of Ancient History 0 2 8h

Ellis's Modern Husbandman, 3 Vols. 8vo. 0 16 3

Customs and Manners of the Romans 0 2 8h
Simpson's Algebra 0 6 6

Browne's Essays on the Characteristics of the Earl of Shaftsbury	o	2	8h
The Theory and Practice of Commerce and Maritime Affairs.			
Translated from the original Spanish of the celebrated Don Geronymo d'Uzariar, by John Kippax, B. D. 8vo.	o	5	s
A Treatise of Ecclesiastical Benefices and Revenues. By the learned Father Paul			
Twenty-two Sermons on Social Duties and their opposite Vices.	o	4	4
By the Author of the Life of King David, 8vo.	o	4	4
Complete System of experienced Improvements made on Sheep, Grass-Lambs, and House-Lambs, &c. by W. Ellis, 8vo.	o	5	5
Shakespeare's Works, 8 Vols. with Notes by Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Sir Tho. Hanmer, and Mr. Warburton	1	6	0
The Cellar-Book, or the Butler's Assistant	o	1	1
Bishop Weldon's Sermons on various Subjects, Moral and Theological, 2 Vols. 8vo. bound in one	5	5	
The Canterbury Tales of Chaucer modernized. To which is prefixed, the Life of Chaucer. Written by Mr. Urry, 2 Vols.	o	5	5
The Works of Virgil, in Latin and English, the Æneid translated by the Rev. Mr. Christopher Pitt, the Eclogues and Georgics with Notes on the whole, by the Rev. Mr. Joseph Warburton, with several new Observations by Mr. Holdsworth, Mr. Spence, and others; also Dissertations on the whole by Mr. Warburton, Mr. Whitehead, Dr. Atterbury Bishop of Rochester, and Editor, in 4 Vols. 12mo. Printed on a fine Paper and beautiful Type and embellished with Cuts curiously engraved	o	13	0
Letters on the English and French Nations, 2 Vols. By M. L'Abbe le Blanc	o	5	5
Jacob's Law Tables	o	2	8h
The Alcant of Cyrus the Younger, and the Retreat of the 10,000 Greeks. Translated from Xenophon, by John Hawley, A. B.	5	5	
Swift's Letters, 12mo.	o	2	8
Directions to Servants, 8vo.	o	1	1
Polite Conversation	o	1	1
Pilpay's Fables, 12mo.	o	2	8h
The Lives and Amours of the Roman Emperresses, 3 Vols. 12mo.	o	8	1h
Dr. Robinson on the Virtues and Operations of Medicine, 8vo.	o	4	4
Memoirs of the Life and Military Transactions of the Marschal de Turcenne.	o	1	
Publick Virtue, a Poem, in 3 Parts. I. Agriculture. II. Commerce. III. Arts. By R. Doddley	o	1	1
Oeconomy of Human Life	o	1	1
The Capacity and Extent of the Human Understanding, exemplified in the extraordinary Case of Automathes	o	2	2
The Batchelor of Salamanca, 2 Vols. By Mr. Le Sage, Author of Gil-Blas and the Devil upon two Sticks	o	4	4
The Persis; or Secret Memoirs for a History of Persia	o	2	2
Rollin's Method of Teaching and Studying the Belles Letters, 4 Vols.	o	11	6
Letters of Madam de Maintenon and other eminent Persons in the Age of Lewis the 14th. 2 Vols	o	4	4
Essay on Spirit, wherein the Doctrine of the Trinity is considered in the Light of Nature and Reason; as well as in the Light in which it was held by the ancient Hebrews	o	2	2
Gordon's Geographical Grammar	o	5	0
Letters from Julia to Ovid, from a Manuscript found in the Ruins of Herculaneum	o	2	2
The Drapier's Letters to the People of Ireland	o	4	4
The Complete Family-Piece, with Directions for Hunting, Hawking, Fishing, Fowling, Conservees, Confectionary, Cookery, Physic and Surgery	o	3	3